

AN ADVENTURE.

A Sedalia Lady Taken for Susan B. Anthony.

Last week two ladies from Sedalia, Mrs. Sedalia and Mrs. McAnulty, were visiting Hannibal. Mrs. Sedalia, who is a well-known lecturer, had been invited to lecture there, and the inhabitants were on the qui vive to see the champion-woman of woman's rights.

One day as Mrs. Sedalia and McAnulty were shopping, the latter seemed to attract a great deal of attention in the street. Finally Mrs. McAnulty went into a store and Mrs. Sedalia waited for her on the outside. A crowd had assembled intently gazing at the door through which Mrs. McAnulty had disappeared, until one person approached Mrs. Sedalia and asked:

"Who is that lady that was with you?"

"That lady is Mrs. McAnulty, of Sedalia," replied Mrs. S.

"Are you certain it is not Miss Susan B. Anthony?" asked her interrogator.

Mrs. Sedalia assured the individual that the object of her solicitude was Mrs. McAnulty when she left Sedalia, and to the best of her knowledge and belief she was not, unless she had been suddenly transformed by some mysterious agency.

But the people of Hannibal were not to be misled by such a thin subterfuge as that. They knew better. They knew that distinguished party stranger was the celebrated Col. Susan B. Anthony. The ladies moved on, and no did the curious Hanniballites after them, and in the course of their walk entered a photograph gallery. Here the crowd came, too, gazing long and earnestly at Mrs. McAnulty with eager interest.

This lady had begun to notice the great curiosity and interest she had aroused, and wondered what on earth made the Hanniballites follow her around and stare at her so. Mrs. Sedalia then informed her that the people of Hannibal would have it that she was Susan B. Anthony, and hence their curiosity.

The ladies had a hearty laugh over the mistake, and one of them remarked, "that BAZCO will be sure to get hold of this!"

And sure enough it did.

A SLICK AGENT

Steals a Saddle Horse from Mr. James Agee.

Those fellows are around, again. This one was in the nursery business. On Tuesday morning he got off the eastern bound train and put up at the hotel in Dresden. He had pleasant and winning ways with him, and told the good people that he was the

TRAVELING AGENT. He was around visiting the farmers of this section of the country to induce them to replenish and start new orchards, and to beautify and adorn their homes with shade trees and shrubs, all of which he proposed to furnish from the buffalo nursery, and to deliver for spot cash at unheard of bargains.

Then he inquired if there was a livery stable in this delightful village of Dresden. He was informed that there was no livery stable, but Mr. James Agee supplied the demand whenever anything in that line was required.

To Mr. Agee the tree agent went, introducing himself as above. He told Mr. Agee that he generally traveled in a buggy, but owing to the condition of the roads he would like to

HIRE A SADDLE HORSE. Mr. Agee asked him when he wanted the horse, and he was told until the next morning, as he had to that day (Tuesday) go to Sedalia and get some bills printed.

He walked to this city that day and returned to Dresden on the evening train that night. As he entered his hotel he heard a bell ring and inquired the cause. Being told that it was ringing for church he piously expressed his intention of attending divine service. Which he did, and seemed to derive much

COMFORTATION AND MORAL STRENGTH from listening to the interpretation of the sacred truths of the gospel. Yesterday morning he sauntered over to Mr. Agee's. Mr. Agee asked him if he wanted the horse then. The agent looked up at the sky, shrugged his shoulders and said it looked too much like rain, and he did not like to get wet. About dinner time, however, he again made his appearance and wanted the horse, saying he would only go just "over the creek," and be back before night.

Mr. Agee gave him the best horse he had, which he mounted and rode off, and has not been seen in that locality since. It is the firm opinion of the landlord and Mr. A. that he never will unless he is BROUGHT BACK IN IRON.

He paid no bills, and it is said gave no name. He had no baggage or anything by which a clue to his identity could be gained.

THE HORSE was a dark bay about fifteen hands high, with a little white on one hind foot and a small white star in his forehead. The animal was a fine appearing one, and cost Mr. Agee \$125 last fall. The saddle horse was covered with brass, and also the seat was rimmed with the same metal. Let everybody keep a sharp look out for the slick nursery agent.

Shooting in Paris. Last Sunday was quite a busy shooting day in Paris, Mo. We learn from Bro. Blanton, editor of the Appeal, who has been there on a visit, that on that day a negro boy was killed and a white man, named McGee, badly wounded. Captain McGee, the wounded man, was shot by his cousin, Dave McGee, who had an old grudge against him, supposed to have had its origin in some love affair. We have not heard if McGee was fatally injured or not. The negro boy was killed, and another was fooling with a pistol, which they thought was unloaded. The other boy placed the muzzle at the unfortunate father's head, and pulled the trigger—and then there was a dead negro boy.

Pleasant Hill's Debt. The following are the official figures of the debt of Pleasant Hill, (Cass county) township:

Township proportion of County debt, \$62,000 00

Township Railroad bonds and interest, 206,330 78

Total city debt, 72,000 78

Total, \$342,330 78

This is equal to every dollar of property, real and personal, in the county.

HORRIBLE.

A Family of Seven People Murdered.

The Murderer Then Commits Suicide.

After Firing the Fated Building.

From the St. Louis Times.

Dr. Wheeler returned home last evening from a visit to Monroe county, Illinois, bringing news of a most shocking tragedy in the vicinity of Fish Landing. He stopped on Thursday night at the house of Mr. Cavanaugh, a farmer, with whom he was acquainted. About 4 o'clock his host rapped at his door, calling to him in an agitated voice to get up quick. He complied, and on going out found Cavanaugh looking in the direction of a bright light a quarter of a mile away. "That," said the farmer excitedly, "is the farm-house of my poor friend Kaiser. We must go and see what we can do."

We hurried across the fields in the direction of the light and were the first to arrive at the burning structure. None of the family could be seen and the flames had gained such a hold that it was utterly useless to try to enter. They shouted for the farmer and three sticks and clods against the door, but the only response was the CRACKLING OF THE FLAMES

as they found their way upward toward the roof. Other neighbors came hurrying up, each fresh accession asking anxiously, "Where's the old man?" "Where are the boys?" "What does this mean?"

It was a mystery that no one attempted to answer. A score of farmers gathered about the building and prevented the fire from spreading to the out-buildings. Where it was possible they caught hold of portions of the burning structure, the clapboards and pieces of the roof, and dragged them away that the flames might find as little food as possible, for the earnest desire was to get inside and solve the mystery of the non-appearance of the family. That consisted of old Moritz Kaiser, his wife and six children. The house was substantially built, occupying ground space 18 by 20, with a kitchen addition, and having an upper half story. By dint of hard exertions the farmer succeeded in checking the flames and shortly after daybreak the framework smoking and burning slowly stood out desolately in the morning light and it was made possible to enter and search.

An hour later, eight corpses lay in a row in the front yard, and Monroe county had furnished a sensation without a parallel. Kaiser and his whole family had perished, but

NOT BY THE FLAMES.

The entrance to the house was in the center of the front, facing the road to Waterloo fifteen miles to the northeast. The entire lower story was one large room. To the right, on entering, was situated the bed in which slept the mother and the two young children. In the corner on the left was a cot, where the old man slept by himself. The boys' beds were upstairs, and access to the upper story was gained by a flight of steps which went up from the further left hand corner of the main living room. The portion of the burned building first examined was the right hand corner, where had been the bed in which the mother and the two little children slept. The lower half of the bed had been almost entirely burned, but over the upper part the timbers had lodged and the flames had been fought away by the farmers. Under the debris could be seen forms, and when the rains had been cleared off a slight met the eye which appalled the stoutest heart. Mrs. Kaiser lay with little Tommy, aged three, beside her, and Ellen, the baby, two months old, on her breast. They lay on their backs, with the upper portions of the bodies and the faces well preserved, but the limbs roasted and twisted out of all human semblance. The pillows were

DEFORMED BY BLOOD, which, having been heated by the fire, sent up a sickening odor. Mrs. Kaiser had two deep wounds, one on either side of the head, each penetrating into the brain and sufficient to cause death. The heads of the little boy and the baby were crushed in and the brains exposed. The positions of the bodies indicated that they had been killed and the bodies arranged in the bed before the flames had been started to destroy the evidences of

THE TERRIBLE CRIME. The searchers then turned to the old farmer's bed, but it was empty. The fire had disarranged it but slightly, and it was plainly evident that it had not been occupied at all that night. Toward the rear of the house the flames had done their worst more effectively. The staircases had fallen down and furnished food for the fire. There the heat, had been the greatest and nothing met the eyes of the searchers but a pile of smoking timber. But from underneath came

THE CHOKING, MORTUARY SMELL of burning flesh. Fifteen minutes were consumed in removing the rubbish, and the bodies of old Kaiser and his four sons were reached. The boys lay in a row, their heads to the rear wall of the room and their feet toward the center. They lay upon their backs and their limbs, although roasted, were stretched out and composed showing that the fire had come after death.

THE BODY OF THE OLD MAN lay between the boys and the bed of his wife and babies. It was twisted and distorted, showing that living nerves and muscles had writhed before the blast. The consuming element had gone too far, however, to tell whether he had inflicted upon himself any injury before he lay down to die. The skulls of the boys had all been crushed. From inspection of the wounds it seemed as if they had been inflicted with a mallet or grub-bay.

After the bodies were carried out a messenger was dispatched for Coroner Hilton, fifteen miles away, but before he arrived

the neighbors had settled upon the correct theory.

THE FAMILY.

Moritz Kaiser was fifty years of age, a Switzer by birth. Mrs. Ellen Kaiser was twenty-five years of age, born and raised in Monroe county. She married Kaiser when she was only fifteen and had borne him six children.

The oldest child was John, a boy of ten years; Samuel, the next, was nine years old; Henry, seven years; Fred, five years. The two little ones, Tommy and Ellen J., were respectively three years and two months of age.

THE LOCALITY where the Kaisers lived was about half a mile from the bank of the Mississippi. On all sides were bottom farms. A mile or two above was Fish Landing, a small settlement, containing a store or two, and half a dozen houses below the Kaiser farm was Joy Landing.

The theory is that Kaiser in his trouble killed his entire family, started the fire in several places about the house, and then cutting his throat laid down to die. The facts seem to support this. The old Switzer's family was large, and the farm was small. It was not his property but was leased. He was behind with the rental, and on the first of March was to give up the premises. He had devoted several days to riding about the country looking for a new farm, and for weeks had been inquiring about his neighbors. The old man seemed to have been held in respect by those about him, and during the past winter help had been frequently extended to the family.

But all Kaiser could find which would come within his means was a small farm, long neglected. The only building was a log house or hut, and that had fallen into decay. The last of March was drawing near, and after hunting day after day he snuck into a despondent mood, took the little place and prepared to move his family in. As he contemplated the change he grew more and more despondent.

"OH, CHEER," he said on Monday to a neighbor, "how can I move into that log house. My poor wife and children to be so reduced." The old man had worked hard up to this time but he seemed to be all broken up at the prospect. A younger man would have been braver, looking forward to the time when his boys could hold the plough and share the burden of support, but when Kaiser commenced to grow melancholy there was no reaction. He went about day after day muttering to himself and the country folks shook their heads and said to each other, "POOR KAISER."

Thursday night about dark the old man visited the school at Fish Landing. He was highly excited and talked and cried almost continually. Three times he went to the bar and called for whisky, each time gulping down a brimming glass of the fiery liquid as if it was a cool glass of water on a summer day. The crowd in the saloon knew the old man well and tried to reason with him, but he listened to nothing. If he was not talking to himself he was staring into vacancy, absorbed in moody thought. "My God," he would cry out again, "My poor wife and my little children, I'd rather be dead. I wish we were

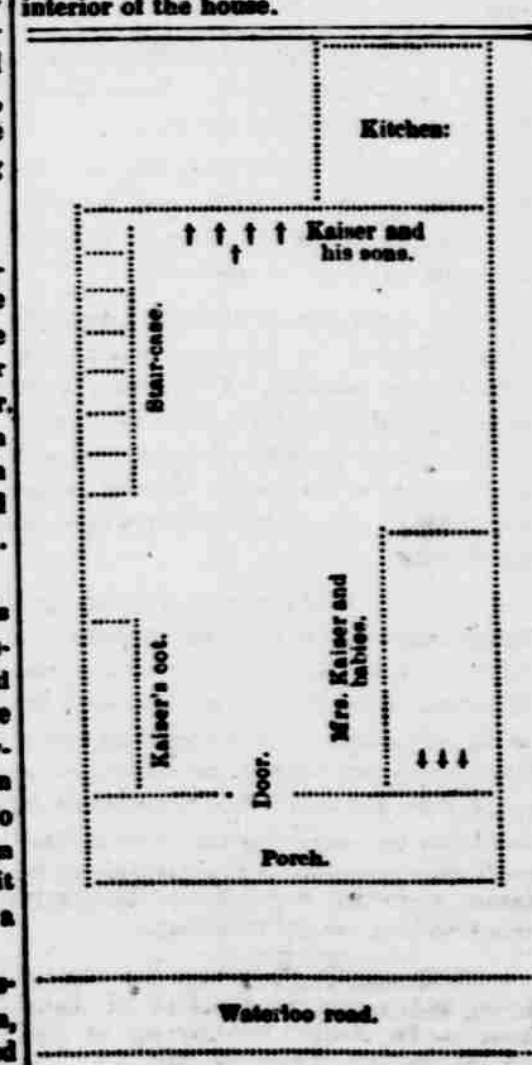
ALL DEAD." Finally the old man went to the bar for the fourth time. He produced a bottle and it was filled. Then muttering and groaning he went to the door and staggered out into the darkness.

That was the last seen of old Moritz Kaiser alive. From that time until the fire was discovered was over five hours and the building could not have been burning more than three-quarters of an hour when Dr. Wheeler and his companion reached the place. Kaiser had between four and five hours to perfect his plans and execute them. He must have set up after the other went to bed taking occasional pulls at the flask and working himself up to the frenzy which made his horrible task possible to accomplish. When the mother and babies were dead, and the bodies of the boys had fallen into their first deep sleep, the weapons descended and perhaps without a moan or a cry the couch of repose became a bier for the dead. After straightening their forms and possibly hiding the awful spectacle beneath a coverlet, the old man went to the foot of the stairs and called the boys. As they came down, one after another, half asleep, and unconscious of the fate awaiting them, the weapon was piled once, twice, three, four times, and his son lay

WELTERING IN THEIR BLOOD at his feet. He must have taken up the bodies and laid them in a row. After that, it may be he spent some time in carrying the bodies, half covered in the presence of death.

The hours were fleeting, and the tragedy was not over. Then commenced the preparations for the fire. These were brief. It did not appear from the rooms that Kaiser had disarranged the interior of the house, but it was evident on the first arrival that he in some manner had possession of every portion of the house. Probably he walked about the room applying the torch here and there wherever there was anything combustible. Then, with the consuming element all about, he swallowed the last of the whisky and lay down at the foot of his boys to wait death, very likely anticipating the fire and hastening his own end with a knife or razor.

The diagram accompanying shows the interior of the house.



TWO BOYS.

Who Have Run Away to Become Pirates.

They are gone. They went the other night. Walker is about fifteen or so; Gus is about fifteen or a little more so.

They have gone to learn to be Pirates, ultimately; but first they will go to Texas and learn to be train robbers. After they stop one or two trains, and hold their pistols to the express messenger's head while they take out several millions dollars from the safe, they will enter the ladies' car where all the terrified passengers will be. Here they will find a poor newspaper reporter who has no money and who is traveling on a d. h. pass. Then they will say:

"Look here, my poor man, we only rob the rich, and always take the poor."

Whereupon they will give him \$500,000 and a diamond cross.

When the beautiful rich planter's daughter sees their hideous masks, she will faint, but one of them will assure her in a loud voice:

"Madam, we do not war with women. Be not alarmed. We only rob express companies—grinding monopolies."

Then she will fall in love with one or both of them, and thus is laid the foundation for a thrilling tale of love and murder for the future, when they are Pirates. But we will not anticipate.

Walker, whose name now is "The Red-Handed Rover of the Realm," was a few days ago an apprentice in the BAZCO job office. Gus, whose name is now "The White-Haired Hero of the Woods," was an apprentice in the bindery of the same establishment.

We know them both well, although undoubtedly they would not deign to notice us now, since they have entered into their new career.

For the last six months they have been studying for their future glorious life and laying plans. By dint of strenuous exertions and close economy they managed to procure a new dime novel every night, which they read aloud by turns until it was finished. Then they would sit up a couple of hours to lay their plans in the greatest secrecy, and deepest mystery. They invented a code of signals and a secret cipher.

Sometimes, during working hours, Gus would go to the speaking tube and shout down to Walker in the job room:

"What ho! Walker! What news has thou in thy gloomy cavern?"

To which Walker would reply: "If it is thou, Lord Godfrey! Our bold band is impatient, and chafes at enforced idleness. What must thou from thy turret tower?"

And Gus would look out of the third story window over Liverpool's block and beyond, where the pellucid waters of Flat Creek glistened beneath the bare swaying boughs.

Things could not last long in this state, and finally one night they held an all night secret session. They induced two other boys to join them, and began skinning for funds. The Red Rover of the Realm succeeded in collecting twenty-five cents in nickels, but the White-Haired Hero of the Woods was more fortunate, for he had the immense amount of one dollar carefully sewed up in his shirt.

The next day their duties were neglected, owing to the great number of called meetings they were obliged to hold with closed doors down in the coal shed. At last the eventual night came, and the four bandits assembled and arranged the details of their midnight flight. They were pretty certain the detectives were on their track, and they must go at once. Which they did.

At midnight four dark forms might have been seen silently stealing toward an empty box car on the M. & C. T.

Later the car was made up into a train and they started for Texas.

They will be kicked off at Scott, they will be thrown out at Parsons, they will be unceremoniously dumped out somewhere in the Indian Territory, probably forty miles from the nearest house; but then train robbers and Pirates, you know, have to endure all kinds of hardships. Three days without anything to eat, however, has a very weakening effect, even on a Pirate, and if the walking is good, we expect to see them sitting on the back door-step some morning in May next.

P. R.—Word has been received that they arrived at Needham, Kan. They are looking for a cave in the banks of the Neosho, and they think they can steal provision enough until they can rob five or six express trains.

As spirituous liquors will injure men, so opium or morphia will harmfully affect the baby. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the remedy for the baby. It is free from opium. Price, 25 cents.

On Sunday, March 3d, at 1 o'clock p.m., the residence of her son-in-law, E. J. Gentry, of Camden, Mo. Sarah Ann Hughes, wife of George Hughes.

Mrs. Hughes, nee Sarah Ann Burch, was born in Howard county, Missouri, December 10th, 1830, and was in the 58th year of her age.

The funeral took place from the residence of Mr. Gentry at two o'clock this afternoon, and the remains were taken to the old Muddy meeting house cemetery and deposited in their last resting place.

Mrs. Hughes has been a long and painful sufferer, which she bore with Christian fortitude. She was a woman of many excellent qualities of head and heart, a dutiful wife, a loving mother and a kindhearted neighbor.

In Sedalia, at half-past 10 o'clock this morning, at the residence of his brother-in-law, P. B. Jones, John Papes, of consumption, aged 37 years.

He will be buried from the German M. E. Church, on Sixth and Limestone streets, tomorrow, (Tuesday) at 2:30 o'clock p. m.

Mr. Papes has only been in Sedalia about four months. His mother lives in Morgan county. He was a son of ex-Senator Papes, deceased.

—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has been before the public for years, and is recommended by thousands superior to all other articles for the cure of coughs, colds, influenza and all pulmonary complaints.

WANTED.

An intelligent, active boy, from fifteen to seventeen years old, to learn the bookbinding trade. Any living with his parents preferred. Apply at this office at once. If

SANITARY.

Some Pertinent Remarks and Wise Suggestions.

The following interesting report was read before the Board of Aldermen last night by Dr. Trainer.

Mr. President: I deem it of enough importance to the welfare of the community to present for your consideration the subject of vital statistics.

In order to know what are the prevalent disorders and how best to manage them, we should have a

REGISTER OF MARRIAGES, BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

The registry of all marriages in a community acts as a prudential check to many improper unions. Very early marriages, as all statistics show, are not conducive to long life. That is, the progeny of such marriages generally die in infancy and hence the span duration of life is wonderfully reduced.

Youthful marriages will arise in a community where the chances of an easy acquisition of wealth are favorable; and even where luxury may be indulged in and every thing provided for the comfort of parents in order to insure a healthy procreation, the tables remain the same and the fact tells against longevity. On the other hand, when poverty prevails and mind and body are alike vitiated, the mortality in infancy of those marrying young becomes fearful.

Suppose, for instance, that from any cause, prudential restraint on marriage were to become weaker among any people than it has hitherto been, while the means of maintenance remained the same, what would happen? A corresponding increase would immediately take place in the annual mortality, and the mean duration of life would be correspondingly reduced. And there seems to be no doubt that

"THE PREMATURE MORTALITY" which prevails all over the world, is mainly owing to imprudent marriages. The death of one-half of the human race under the age of puberty does not take place in virtue of any law of man's constitution, but from a disregard of the admonitions of its laws.

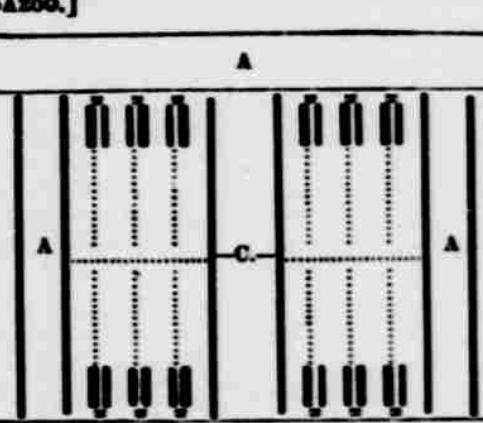
In a community where all the necessary elements exist, it is unreasonable to suppose that the people will not live in obedience to the laws of health if properly instructed in those laws. There is nothing of more importance than the health and happiness of communities.

INDUPEMENT MARRIAGES have as much to do with the destruction and misery of the race as any other one factor. Those men who have the means of education, under civilized society, have it within their power to arrest the ravages of infant mortality and at the same time keep the family within bounds. There is nothing that will set more efficiently in compass this end than the properly kept register of marriages, births and deaths.

THE REGISTER OF DEATHS will give your Board of Health a chance to notice the inroads of any special malady, and prepare them to meet it at the onset. All epidemics, by this means, can be cut short and the advantages to be obtained are too many and varied to be detailed in the short time allotted us to-night.

There is another subject of great importance which I wish to call your attention to. I refer to the matter of drainage. We cannot depend upon surface drainage. We could have a complete system of UNDERGROUND DRAINAGE if we but adopt this plan and carry it out. I have here a diagram which better illustrates this subject than anything I might say.

[The following is an abridgment of the Doctor's diagram, but sufficient to illustrate his meaning. It is of one block.—ED. BAZCO.]



A—Streets. B—Blocks of houses. C—Main sewer or cess pool. D—Main sewer or cess pool. E—Main sewer or cess pool. F—Main sewer or cess pool. G—Main sewer or cess pool. H—Main sewer or cess pool. I—Main sewer or cess pool. J—Main sewer or cess pool. K—Main sewer or cess pool. L—Main sewer or cess pool. M—Main sewer or cess pool. N—Main sewer or cess pool. O—Main sewer or cess pool. P—Main sewer or cess pool. Q—Main sewer or cess pool. R—Main sewer or cess pool. S—Main sewer or cess pool. T—Main sewer or cess pool. U—Main sewer or cess pool. V—Main sewer or cess pool. W—Main sewer or cess pool. X—Main sewer or cess pool. Y—Main sewer or cess pool. Z—Main sewer or cess pool.

You will see at once that the plan is entirely feasible and of very moderate cost. The details are fully set forth in the Sanitarium for March, a work which I am pleased to call your attention to.

Another item of great importance to us at this particular time, is the subject of street pavements. Dryness and cleanliness are the essentials to health in this matter. And in view of this fact, and the terrible order through which we, as a city, have been forced to pass during the last six or eight months, I most earnestly protest against the laying of any more Macadam.

THE WOODPAVENMENT after the plan of Nicholson, or the bituminous after the plan of the Abbott Paving Company, are certainly the best and cheapest pavements, all things considered, that it is possible to put down. These pavements are not only substantial, but they are clean and dry; and I do not hesitate to say that in the matter of health alone it would well repay any community to adopt this system of pavement. Many of

THE MOST FATAL DISEASES, that are infectious in their nature are completely suppressed by this system of drainage and pavement, the latter acting as a disinfectant.

It will not be an exaggeration to add that measles, scarlet fever, small pox and typhoid fever will find no nidus there, and like the dragon of old, stalk out from their caverns in the best years and match their victims from the young and the feeble, while the stricken households piously charge Providence with mysterious dispensations.

I submit these few thoughts and suggestions for your honorable body, hoping that you may consider them of sufficient importance to cause you to take an early action in the premises.

JOHN W. TRAINER, M. D., Pres't. Board of Health.

—Why suffer with a bad cold if one bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure a cough of the worst kind. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold for 25 cents per bottle, or five bottles for \$1, in every respectable drug store in the United States.

A STRANGE ACCIDENT.

The Janitor of the Broadway School Severely Injured.

A strange and perhaps fatal accident occurred at the Broadway school at eleven o'clock this forenoon, by which James Giberson, the janitor, was knocked down and injured. He was engaged in ringing the bell for the taking up of school after recess, and stopping suddenly, the slack of the rope flew upward in curling loops, one of which became entangled in a heavy piece of iron on the floor above. When he began again to ring the bell, the iron was dragged to the hallway and fell upon his head with crushing force, dashing him to the floor unconscious.

A child happened to be lying there and gave the alarm. Mrs. Speers, a teacher, went to his assistance, and sent for water. The scholars below heard the cry for help and thinking the building was on fire began to stampede with and without their books.

Dr. Trainer was sent for and Giberson returned to consciousness. The iron, which was a support of a school seat, had struck him in the head, a little over the temple, making a gash from which he bled freely. The missile fell with such force that it broke in two with the force of the shock.

The wounded man was conveyed to his home on the school grounds, and everything that could be done for his relief. He lies in a precarious condition, but may recover.

Giberson is a young man, and was faithful and attentive in the performance of his duties.

—Do not stupify your baby with Opium or Morphia mixtures, but use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, which is always safe and reliable and never disappoints. 25 cents.

COUNTY COURT.

County Court met this morning at nine o'clock. Present—Judges Chilton, Gibson and Taylor. Officers present—Sheriff Murray and Clerk Moses.

WARRANTS ALLOWED. Mrs. Sarah Nichols for \$20 for keeping Lucy Nichols, a pauper, for six months ending January 4, 1878.

Mrs. Miller for \$4.00 for assistance to her as a poor person.

Judge C. G. Taylor for \$4.00, for house rent for Mr. Miller.

Mrs. Shafer, for \$6.00, for assistance to a poor person.

Judge C. G. Taylor for \$1.00, for assistance to a poor person.

Betsy Grath, pauper, \$4.00.

FIRST DAY—AFTERNOON SESSION—WARRANTS.

J. B. Van Dyke, road overseer, \$21.00 C. G. Taylor, house rent for a poor person, 5.00

Mrs. Robert, pauper, 5.00

Democrat Press Company, printing financial statement, 15.00

E. L. Phipps, lamp, 1.40

W. E. Barnes, wood for Sheriff, 5.50

W. W. Welch, dead case for Recorder, 7.50

W. W. Welch, pauper coffin, 26.50

W. P. Anderson, for keeping county poor farm, 80.40

Wm. Rutledge, post person, 5.00